

WEEKLY EPITAPH.

Six-Page Edition.

TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA, MARCH 27, 1882

This Page is from the Daily of Monday, March 20.

SILVER ORE.—A fine specimen of Tombstone silver ore sent by mail post paid on receipt of \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the Tombstone Epitaph. Address: Epitaph Printing and Publishing Co., Tombstone, Arizona.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE.

As has been assumed by those well versed in the United States Land Laws, the secretary of the interior has reversed former rulings in relation to the issuance of patents to townsites, as will be seen by the following extract from Secretary Kirkwood's letter of instructions to the commissioner of the land office, in the case of the Vizina Consolidated Mining Company, of Tombstone, published in the Reporter, a Washington journal devoted to national affairs. He says:

"Clearly, it must be assumed, prima facie that a mineral claimant, who has a right to a patent, has possessed his claim and maintained his right to possession thereto in accordance with the mineral laws. In such a case, therefore, the only other question to be determined is that of priority by selection or location as between a townsite and a vein or lode mining claimant. * * * I also forward herewith, for appropriate action in your office, the application of the Vizina Consolidated Mining Company, filed in this department the 29th instant, by its attorney, J. A. Mandeville, Esq., to have patent issued to said company upon the Vizina mining claim without reservation in favor of the townsite of Tombstone. Very Respectfully, S. J. KIRKWOOD, Secretary.

This would seem to settle the question definitely and without any pro's or con's. This is a good document for preservation for future reference.

The Contention Mill and Mining Company, with which is now consolidated the original Contention, Flora Morrison, Sulphuret and a portion of Head Center, has declared a dividend of twenty-five cents per share on capital stock, and will be paid in a few days at the banking house of William G. Huey & Co., of this city, who holds power of attorney for collecting dividends for stockholders residing in this city. The amount of dividend on this property received at the mint, San Francisco, California, for the last four months, would warrant a dividend of fifty cents per share. The object in paying twenty-five cents per share is to retain in the company's treasury, a large surplus for future development and the erection of a new stamp mill at their mines, water being supplied under a contract with the Girard Water Company. It is also proposed to remove the twenty stamp mill of the San Pedro to the new locality in the Tombstone district. This additional number of stamps will give the Contention facilities of turning out about five million dollars per year, from the working of forty-five stamps.—Philadelphia Bulletin Miner.

From the EPITAPH'S information, derived from the superintendent of the mines, we do not believe it is the intention of the company to remove their twenty-five stamp mill from the river, but they will undoubtedly build a forty stamp mill here this coming summer, or as soon as the Sulphuret pits in pumping machinery adequate for a supply of water. The high grade ore will then be sent to the mill on the river and the mill at the mine will work the second class, everything above ten ounces ore being stoped from the mine.

The Pinal Drill of the 18th instant, closes an article descriptive of the workings on the various levels of the Silver King mine, with the following suggestive words:

"With this immense ore body, and the extraordinary facilities for working, they could just as well run 150 stamps at Pinal as 20. There is no doubt but, under the skillful management of Col. Barney, the Silver King has been, from the beginning, a financial colossus. It has paid for itself, from the grass roots, and poured a stream of wealth over the country as freely as the waters of Niagara, but why they don't work a thousand tons of ore a day, instead of sixty, is a mystery to the public. We have the coal fields close at hand, abundance of water, and a climate which does not impede work of any kind for a single day in the year. We hope soon to see this monster mine worked to its full capacity.

THAT OURY wants to be our next delegate there is but little doubt. That Ben Morgan wants to become a candidate for the office there is no question; that Hon. John G. Campbell will be in the field we are prepared to state is a fact. Who will be the successful man? Campbell will have the money to carry his point. Now, with these war horses in the field, it seems to us that the importance of the matter should incite republicans to action. We want a live, wide-awake, active man to battle successfully against the heavy batteries of the democracy of Arizona. We don't want any lame limb of the republican family to poke

his nose into the pie, but a regular rustler, who can fight and win. Northern Arizona is entitled to the next delegate, and it appears to us that Hon. A. E. Davis could win. No DEAD DUCKS are wanted for the race, and their propositions will be rejected.—Prescott (Arizona) Miner.

The whys and wherefores that Northern Arizona is entitled to the next delegate do not so clearly appear. In our opinion the man whom the Republican Territorial Convention shall decide upon as having the ability and the means to win the fight, whether he comes from the north or south, should be accepted as the one entitled to the position, and there should be no divisions in our ranks calculated to work his defeat. Let there be no north, no south, no east, no west in the coming campaign, is the EPITAPH'S motto.

THE FAMOUS GUNSLIGHT.

"Alexis," in a letter to the Yuma Free Press, from the Meyers district, writes as follows about Tucson's pet, the Gunsight mine of the Meyers district, "the second Comstock," so called. We publish the remarks for what they are worth. "Alexis" alleges as follows:

B. F. Bivens, former manager of the Gunsight property, got a bug in his ear, or, perhaps, he accidentally had his hand behind him and a few dollars were dropped into it. At all events he said he was going to break up Gila Bend station by building a new road to Tucson for the transportation of his freight that way. The new road was built and a damned nice mess he made of the freighting business. The experiment has cost his company \$5000 and yet they are obliged to come back to the Gila Bend route. One of the Tucson teams arrived yesterday with part of its load (hoisting machinery) and the remainder is back sixty miles. This team left Tucson on New Year's day, having been only six weeks on the road. If the company has good luck the machinery and lumber scattered all along the road may be got here by next spring. They were forced to lay off all hands and work has been entirely stopped on the mine, awaiting freight. The Gunsight mine is assuredly a bonanza, but under such management it must necessarily prove a failure. With all the blow that has been made and money squandered in the last two years, only 150 feet have been sunk on the mine. Since one year ago last September all the developments done on the Gunsight is the crosscut at the bottom of incline. Fact, by God! Such is the management that is going to "bust up Gila Bend."

JUDGING from the following report the Nova Scotia gold mines are not a paying proposition. The New York Daily Indicator of March 14 says:

The total yield of gold from mines in Nova Scotia during the year 1881 was 10,766 ounces, 13 dwts., against 13,234 ounces in 1880. The returns from the unexplored districts amounted to 2,436 ounces, an increase of 1,594 ounces over the preceding year. Mr. Gilpin, the inspector of mines, gives a table from which we gather the following data. There were in all thirty-three mines, in which 126,308 days labor was performed; these mines had thirty mills, one-half of which were run by steam power, and the rest by water power, which crushed in all 16,556 tons of rock, having a general average yield of 12 dwts. and 20 grains per ton. The principal districts were the Caribou, with a yield of 1,129 ounces from 1,661 tons of rock; the Montague, yielding 900 ounces from 1,165 tons of rock; the Sherbrooke, yielding 2,580 ounces from 5,279 tons, and the Umaiak district, which turned out 1,355 ounces of gold by crushing 3,094 tons of ore. Estimating the value of the gold at \$18 per ounce, the average yield per man per day was \$1.52; the maximum being \$2.80 for the Wine Harbor district.

Senator Fair as a Miner.

Any description of the great bonanza development would be incomplete without special reference to the gentleman who is to-day directing the exploration, Senator James G. Fair, hence we reproduce a sketch of Senator Fair's life. The subject of this sketch is best known to the general public as a member of the bonanza firm. But among miners and mining men he is accorded rank as one of the most accomplished mining engineers America has ever developed; and there are experts, traveled and experienced gentlemen, who do not hesitate to say that in the mechanical management of colossal mining enterprises Mr. Fair has no peer. He was born December 31, 1831, in Clougher, Tyrone county, Ireland, and came to this country in 1843. He attended school at Geneva, Illinois, for several years, and subsequently secured a good business education at Chicago. In common with other adventurous spirits, Mr. Fair was affected with the gold fever in 1848, and in August of that year he arrived at Long's Bar, Feather river, California. He mined on the bar for a while, but failed to strike a profitable placer. It was natural that he should turn his attention to quartz mining. Placer mining was conducted in a primitive style in those days, and did not afford Mr. Fair fitting opportunities for the exercise of his peculiar mechanical genius. From the placer bar to the quartz mine was an easy transition for him. We next hear of his being engaged in quartz mining at Angels, Calaveras county, California. And at a later period he figured as the superintendent of quartz mines in other California counties.

even in the early days he ranked high as a professional miner. In 1865, Mr. Fair assumed the superintendency of the Ophir mine, and in 1867 the Hele & Norcross came under his direction. During their connection with the latter mine the bonanza firm secured the first half million of their princely fortune. The idea then occurred to Messrs. Flood and Fair, of the then moderately successful and comparatively unknown firm, to obtain control of what was then known as the California and Sides ground, the White and Murphy, the Central (Nos. 1 and 2) and the 80 feet known as the "Kinney ground." The claims were eventually secured, and to-day form the famous Consolidated Virginia and California mines. The action of the firm in regard to their efforts to obtain control of these particular claims was predicated, we believe, almost entirely upon the opinion and theories of Mr. Fair, in whose unerring judgment and remarkable knowledge of everything connected with mining matters, his confederates relied upon him implicitly. The result of this gentleman's predictions and calculations are familiar to every one in our midst. The life of Mr. Fair, since the immense wealth of the great mines poured into his lap, has been that of any sagacious capitalist of vast means. He began speculation in real estate in this city some time in 1868 or '69, and owns nearly seventy acres in different parts of it. Now this property is of itself a colossal fortune. The senator represents Nevada in the United States senate.

TUCSON ITEMS.

From the Citizen, March 18. Mr. O. M. Gibbs, late manager of the Telephone company, of this city, and Mr. Wm. Bayley, of the Southern Pacific railroad, will leave tomorrow morning on an extended tour through the Eastern States, also to visit their relatives and friends in Saltville, Virginia. They have been very extensively engaged in mining business during their visit to Arizona, and their mining interests now embrace some of the finest in the country. Their object in leaving Tucson at present is for the purpose of taking unto themselves partners of the fair sex. This they have kept secret, but as usual such things always leak out.

The Huachuca.

From the Citizen, March 18. Mr. J. P. Preston, who arrived a few days since from the south end of the Huachuca, reports extensive developments as being made in the mines of that section, which on the whole are said to be looking better than was even at first anticipated, although big things had ever since the discovery, been expected from the mines now owned and controlled by the Black Bear Copper Mining Company, which under the superintendence of Col. W. F. Witherell are now working about fifty men, making roads and grading preparatory to the erection of two thirty-ton water-jacket smelters which are now said together with all other necessary machinery, to be at Pantano awaiting shipment to Ash canyon, their place of destination. The foreman of the mine stated to Mr. Preston that enough ore was in sight to run both smelters for fully two years. Mr. Preston also said that the Garrett mine in the same neighborhood was all that representations had made it. The vein on top being near one hundred feet in width yielded according to forty average assays, the certificate of which he himself saw, fully \$200 per ton. The property is reported to belong to the Preston Mill Company. It was at this mine that the trouble occurred between Messrs. Paplin and McCarty which a few days since resulted in the death of the latter.

Tulare Abaze.

California is noted for its esthetic journalism, but the following greeting from one Tulare journal, to a rival sheet takes the state leather medal for this sort of writing. The editor says:

"Our attention has been called to the last number of this travestie on journalism, and reading over the slinking caterwauling, tatterdemalion whimpers of the thing which presides over that nondescript journalistic nothingness, we are in doubt as to whether he knows or not, the correct meaning of 'cat's paw.' Sir, we greet thee to the field of journalism. 'We'll tootzie and bamboozle thee; we'll tickle thee on the gills; we'll toss thee on our tossing spit a d turn thee over till well done; we'll annoy thee and annoy thee, thou rump fed ronyon; and when we have thoroughly pickled thee in the salt brine of our amiability, and sufficiently preserved thee, we will carve thee with a Damascus blade and serve thy minced carcass up as a dish fit for the Olympian gods. We wish you success, sir; and in the language of St. Paul, relative to Alexander the coppersmith—'May the Lord God award you according to your merits.' You have tried us in court. Perhaps you would like to try us in the newspaper field. The chances are, there may be 'pistols, and coffee for two.' We love thee, so much that we see thee damned ere we'd fight thee.

An Accidental Strike.

From the Arizona Gazette. We hear of a lucky strike made by a teamster on the Wickenburg road, in the Antelope range, a short time since. It seems that some one else was driving his team, and wandering off the road his attention was attracted to a rich piece of float. Further search disclosed from whence it came, and thus was discovered a very rich pocket, which yielded in a few hours work, free gold to the value of over \$1,000. Some very

rich placers have been worked in the Antelope hills, and these rich pockets are one of the characteristics of that section.

Reburbance of Figures.

From the Virginia City Chronicle. The next lot of miners for the Santa Maria mines of Mexico, of which Phillip Deidesheimer is superintendent, will leave in a week or ten days. It will consist of about 250 men. Mr. Deidesheimer says the company he represents intends to employ 5,000 men.

"Didie" always ran largely to figures. We all remember—but there let us forbear.—S. F. Exchange.

Just let "Didie" alone will you? The people have forgotten all about that \$600,000,000 in the Con. Virginia bonanza.

How Much Makes a Man Rich. "To be rich," said William L. Marcy, at one time secretary of state, "requires only a satisfactory condition of mind. One may be rich with a hundred dollars, while the man of millions may think himself poor, and if the necessities of life are enjoyed by each it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his position is the richest."

To illustrate this idea Mr. Marcy relates the following anecdote: While I was Governor of the State of New York I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in and commenced conversation by inquiring "if this was Mr. Marcy?" I replied that was my name.

"Bill Marcy?" said he. I nodded assent.

"Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?"

I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at.

"That's what I told 'em," cried the backwo dman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force. "I told 'em you was the same Bill Marcy who used to live in Southport; but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you, and find out for sartin. Why, you know me, don't you Bill?"

I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect having seen him before, and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name.

"My name is Jack Smith," answered the backwoodsman, "and we used to go to school together thirty years ago, in the little red school house in old Southport. Well, times have changed since then, and you have become a great man and got rich, I suppose."

I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in:

"Oh! yes you are, I know you are rich; no use of denying it. You was comptroller for — for a long time; and the next time we heard of you you was governor. You must have had a heap of money, and I am glad of it—glad to see you getting along so smart. You always was a smart lad at school, and I knew that you must come to something."

I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined.

"I suppose," said I, fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?"

"Oh yes," said he, "I ain't got nothing to complain of. I must say I have got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport our whole family moved up into Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole state."

"And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?" I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know exactly how much I'm worth, but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid I should be worth \$300. I fear cash."

TELEGRAPHIC.

Special Dispatches to the Epitaph.

Washington Affairs.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—The author of a letter in the Washington Post some days ago, over the signature of Justice, in which a violent attack was made upon the late President Garfield, will have in to-morrow's Post another letter in reply to his critics, which is signed with his true name, Wm. Brown. He was delegate to the Chicago Convention from the Seventh District of Kentucky.

The following dispatch was received to-night by the chairman of the house committee on foreign affairs:

NEW YORK, March 19.—Hon. C. G. Williams, Washington: Shipyard has been ill, but will leave to-morrow for Washington, taking his physician's certificate with him. (Signed) THOS. KAVANAUGH.

It is understood that the committee auditing the bills for expense of transporting members of congress to the funeral of President Garfield will present this week majority and minority reports. The former recommends the passage of a bill appropriating the amount required to settle the various claims, while the latter will criticize severely several items of account, such as those for wines, etc.

New Blockade—Sunday Law.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—Dispatches from Dutch Flat, Siskiyou county, and other points along the railroad, state a heavy snow storm prevailing and the blockade continues. It is the heaviest snow fall on the headwaters of the mountain tributaries of the Sacramento river for ten years. The lateness of season makes warm rains and rapid melting of the snow probable and damaging floods in the Sacramento valley are almost inevitable.

Despite the Sunday law, nearly all the saloons in the city are open as usual. A number of grocery stores, boot-black stands and news stores closed. No attempt has been made by the police to arrest the violators of the law. Officers confined themselves solely to collecting evidence. Dispatches have been received from thirty-seven interior towns of the State in reference to the observance of the Sunday law. No attention was paid to the law only in twelve places out of thirty-seven.

Two Men Shot.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—A Dallas dispatch says two men were shot and instantly killed on March 15, near Willow Creek, by Lucien Langdon. The names of those killed are A. H. Crooks and S. J. Joyce. Langdon, after shooting, mounted his horse and escaped. A large posse is in hot pursuit. The trouble is supposed to have grown out of a law suit.

Vigilante Work.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 20.—A Dallas, Oregon, dispatch says that Lucien Langdon and a man in his employ named Harrison were arrested at Langdon's residence on the charge of killing A. H. Crooks and S. J. Joyce, by a posse of citizens, and turned over to a deputy sheriff. After reaching the hotel a party of masked men overpowered the guard and shot Langdon dead. Harrison was hanged to the trestle work of a bridge. None of the perpetrators have been identified and nothing has been ascertained to implicate Harrison in the murder of Crooks and Joyce. His only offense seems to have been that he was in Langdon's employ.

Two Men Lynched.

RAWLINS, N. M., March 19.—Wm. Carter was taken from jail at 4 o'clock this morning by a party of masked men, and transferred to the stock yards one mile east of town, and Lacy and Roderick hanged. Carter was allowed to escape. They belonged to a gang of thieves which extends through Colorado, Wyoming and Utah, and have been engaged in late safe robberies in the two territories. They have a regular organization, and one of the parties had money in his possession that was lately stolen at Leadville.

The Terrors of the Mirras.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 20.—A dispatch from Emigrant Gap says two sections of the west bound train, passenger and emigrant, of three days ago, left here yesterday afternoon with the west bound train at Blue Canyon, which had been stuck there four days. They have got through. East bound trains reached this place yesterday forenoon. About six hundred men are working west of Blue Canyon, trying to keep the road open. The storm raged furiously last night, the snow drifting badly. One snow plow is stuck west of Blue Canyon and another blockade seems imminent. A later dispatch says the snow plow bound west is stuck about three miles west of Truckee. The plow of the east bound train cannot get here to-day. It is snowing here. A dispatch from Alta says the situation is very discouraging. The road was opened last night and the stalled train passed. A heavy snow storm has been raging since and they deemed it impossible to keep the road clear with the snow five feet deep. A violent snow storm is now prevailing at Truckee, and a furious snowstorm raging at Virginia City, and the snow is already three feet deep. A dispatch from Carson says the road is impassable between there and Reno from snow drifts. Neither mail nor freight train can reach there.

Enforcing the Sunday Law.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 20.—Five hundred and eighty-eight complaints for violating the Sunday law were filed this morning; all, or nearly all, are against saloons and cigar stands.

Complaints were filed against several theaters and music halls, but the prosecuting attorney declined to take action on them, holding that they do not come within the law.

The Bullion Product and Dividends of Con. Virginia.

From the San Francisco Daily Herald. We have received many inquiries about "the" bonanza mine, as Con. Virginia is called, and in answer we present the bullion statement of the mine, ending with the fiscal year 1880:

YEAR.	GOLD.	SILVER.	TOTAL.
1873.	\$14,284 68	\$31,291 49	\$45,576 17
1874.	9,063 43 13	2,918 015 92	4,361 445 05
1875.	2,035 24 51	9,862 188 22	16,717 234 73
1876.	2,275 145 96	8,372 264 11	15,647 410 07
1877.	8,270 518 65	7,461 063 79	13,731 5 07
1878.	8,770 987 96	1,236 545 13	2,996 738 11
1879.	1,198,319 68	1,236 545 13	2,434 864 81
1880.	1,045,413 92	711,122 57	1,756,536 49
	\$29,075,338 97	\$35,895,438 98	\$64,970,777 95

Detailed Statement of Con. Virginia Dividends.

The dividend showing of the mine is as follows:

No. Dividends.	Am't per Share.	No. Shares.	Total Amount.
1874.	\$1 00	108,000	\$108,000 00
1875.	2 00	108,000	216,000 00
1876.	3 00	108,000	324,000 00
1877.	4 00	108,000	432,000 00
1878.	5 00	108,000	540,000 00
1879.	6 00	108,000	648,000 00
1880.	7 00	108,000	756,000 00
			\$2,984,000 00

"May be So."

From the Detroit Free Press. After looking over the battle field of the late game, I went back to the game, and I found that the first fire and only lived about ten minutes. His brother Wyatt, Tipton and McMillen rushed to the side of the wounded man and tenderly picked him up and moved him some ten feet away, near the door of the card room, where Drs Matthews, Goodfellow and Miller, who were called, examined him, and after a brief consultation pronounced the wound mortal. He was then moved into the card room and placed on the lounge where in a brief moment he breathed his last surrounded by his brothers Wyatt, Virgil, James and Warren, with the wives of Virgil and James and a few of his most intimate friends. Notwithstanding the intensity of his mortal agony, not a word of complaint escaped his lips, and all that were heard, except those whispered into the ears of his brother and known only to him, were: "Don't, I can't stand it. This is the last game of pool I'll ever play." The first part of the sentence being wrung from him by an effort to place him upon his feet.

His body was placed in a casket, and sent to his parents at Colton, Cal, for burial, being guarded to Contention by his brothers and two or three of his most intimate friends. The funeral cortege started at 12:30 yesterday, with the fire bell tolling out its solemn peals of "Earth to earth, dust to dust."

LOCAL PERSONALS.

Messrs. W. T. Lowry and Rey left for Sonora this morning. Mrs. J. A. Kelly has gone down to Benson on a week's visit to her friend Mrs. O'Melveny. Mr. E. M. Carr, deputy clerk of the District Court, returned from Tucson yesterday. Hudson, Esq., has been in town since yesterday afternoon. San Francisco, is registered at the Grand. Mr. R. M. is booked at the R. M. Mr. L. M. Carr, of town yesterday and registered at the hotel. J. M. Jackson, of Pantano, is at the Grand. M. D. Goodman, Esq., of Oakland, arrived in the city to-day and has taken apartments at the Cosmopolitan. W. A. Daniel, of Babee, is quartered at the Cosmopolitan. V. W. Earp and wife left for his parents' home, at Colton, California, to-day. He was accompanied to Contention by his brothers and several personal friends. Mr. R. C. Brown, editor of the Daily Citizen at Tucson, arrived by the Contention coach this afternoon. His visit to Tombstone are always welcome to our people and profitable to him, as he gets much food for thought from the screaming of the whistles from our productive mines.

A Big Strike in Old Guard.

In crossing the ledge in the north drift, 150 foot level of the Old Guard, they have made one of the most important developments that has been known in the district for a long time. Sunday evening they were in 6 feet, sand ore all the way, 4 feet of which is of high grade and the other two feet of medium grade. Such a body of ore as that at the depth of only 150 feet argues a great bonanza as greater depth is attained on the lode. The Old Guard is in the same range and formation as the Ingersoll and it mistake not adjoints it on the southwest, and there is no good reason why it will not prove equally as great a mine as the Ingersoll and possibly equal to anything in the district.

THE DEADLY BULLET.

The Assassin at Last Successful in His Devilish Mission.

Morgan Karp Shot Down and Killed While Playing Billiards.

At 10:50 Saturday night, while engaged in playing a game of billiards in Campbell & Hatch's billiard parlor, on Allen street, between Fourth and Fifth, Morgan Karp was shot through the body by an unknown assassin. At the time the shot was fired he was playing a game of billiards with Bob Hatch, one of the proprietors of the house, and was standing with his back to the glass door in the rear of the room that opens out upon the alley that leads straight through the block along the west side of A. D. Otto & Co's store to Fremont street. This door is the ordinary glass door, with four panes in the top in place of panels. The two lower panes are painted, the upper ones being clear. Any one standing on the outside can look over the painted glass and see anything going on in the room just as well as though standing in the open door. At the time the shot was fired deceased must have been standing within ten feet of the door, and the assassin, standing near enough to see his position, took aim for about the middle of his person, shooting through the upper portion of the whitened glass. The bullet entered the right side of the abdomen passing through the spinal column, completely shattering it, emerging on the left side, passing the length of the room and lodging in the thigh of Geo. A. B. Berry, who was standing by the door, causing a painful flesh wound. In

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the game of billiards, the first fire and only lived about ten minutes. His brother Wyatt, Tipton and McMillen rushed to the side of the wounded man and tenderly picked him up and moved him some ten feet away, near the door of the card room, where Drs Matthews, Goodfellow and Miller, who were called, examined him, and after a brief consultation pronounced the wound mortal. He was then moved into the card room and placed on the lounge where in a brief moment he breathed his last surrounded by his brothers Wyatt, Virgil, James and Warren, with the wives of Virgil and James and a few of his most intimate friends. Notwithstanding the intensity of his mortal agony, not a word of complaint escaped his lips, and all that were heard, except those whispered into the ears of his brother and known only to him, were: "Don't, I can't stand it. This is the last game of pool I'll ever play." The first part of the sentence being wrung from him by an effort to place him upon his feet.

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